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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *April* the 19th, 1753.

IT was very well ſaid by Montaigne, "That all external acquiſitions re-"ceive taſte and colour from the "internal conſtitution; as clothes "give warmth, not from their own "heat, but by covering and keep-"ing cloſe the heat that is in ourſelves."

EVERY man's experience will prove the truth of this obſervation; as it will teach him, both from what he feels in himſelf, and obſerves in others, that without a diſpoſition for happineſs, the benefits and bleſſings of life are beſtowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almoſt happineſs enough.

I AM led to this thought by the following letter, which I received near two years ago from a very valuable friend. The reader will perceive that it was not written with a view of publication; but as it preſents us with a very natural picture of domeſtic happineſs, and inſtructs us how an elegant little family may live charitably and within bounds upon an income of only fifty pounds a year, I ſhall give it to the public exactly as I received it. Thoſe who have feeling hearts will call it an entertainment; to the reſt it is not written.

York, June the 14th, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

THE reaſon that you have not heard from me for theſe laſt five weeks, is, that the people where I have been have engroſſed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be ſurprized to hear that I have lived a complete month with our old friend, the rector of South-Green and his honeſt wife.

YOU know with what compaſſion we uſed to think of them: that a man who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, ſhould fooliſhly, and at an age when people generally grow wiſe, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing: and that ſhe, one of the livelieſt of women, as well as the fineſt, ſhould refuſe the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parſon to his living of fifty pounds a year in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt from experience that we have been pitying the happieſt couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

THE pariſh of South-Green is about ſeventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the moſt pleaſing

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ſpot of ground in all Yorkſhire——I ſhould have firſt told you that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which ſum he has converted the old parſonage houſe into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a PELHAM or a SOUTHCOTE might look upon with pleaſure.

THE houſe ſtands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen-garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit-trees. The river that almoſt ſurrounds this little ſpot affords them fiſh at all ſeaſons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the houſe is a little lawn with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard well ſtockt with poultry, with a barn, cow-houſe and dairy. At the end of the garden a draw-bridge leads you to a ſmall piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure themſelves; and in all my life I have never eat better.

IN the ſeven years of their retirement, they have ſo planted their little ſpot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together, with paſture-ground enough for two horſes and as many cows, and the reſt arrable. Every thing thrives under their Hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickeſt of any in the country, and within every one of them is a ſand-walk between a double row of flowering ſhrubs, hardly ever out of bloſſom. The produce of theſe fields ſupplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a ſurplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the beſt benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The huſband

brews,

brews, and the wife bakes; he manages the farm, and ſhe the dairy; and both with ſuch ſkill and induſtry that you would think them educated to nothing elſe.

THEIR houſe conſiſts of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bedchambers and a ſervant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the pariſh, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handieſt girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herſelf to advantage, but ſhe ſo loves her miſtreſs, that no temptation is ſtrong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

IN this ſweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy ſix years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettieſt little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the ſame ſoftneſs of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves miſchief; but if you tell him an intereſting ſtory, he will cry for an hour together. The huſband and wife conſtantly go to bed at ten, and riſe at ſix. The buſineſs of the day is commonly finiſhed by dinner-time; and all after it is amuſement and pleaſure, without any ſet forms. They are almoſt worſhipped by the pariſhioners, to whom the doctor is not only the ſpiritual director, but the phyſician, the ſurgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the ſteward, the friend and the chearful companion. The beſt people in the country are fond of viſiting them: they call it going to ſee the wonders of Yorkſhire, and ſay that they never eat ſo heartily as of the parſon's bacon and greens.

I told you at the beginning of this letter that they were the happieſt couple of our acquaintance; and now I will tell why they are ſo. In the firſt place, they love and are delighted with each other. A ſeven year's marriage, inſtead of leſſening their affections, has

has encreaſed them. They wiſh for nothing more than what their little income affords them; and even of that little they lay up. Our friend ſhewed me his account of expences, or rather his wife's account; by which it appears that they have ſaved yearly from fifteen ſhillings to a guinea, excluſive of about the ſame ſum, which they diſtribute among the poor, beſides barley, wheat, and twenty other things. Their only article of luxury is tea; but the doctor ſays he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they ſeldom offer it but to the beſt company, and leſs than a pound will laſt them a twelvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a preſent. Their conſtant drink is ſmall beer and ale, both of which they brew in the higheſt perfection. Exerciſe and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good-humour. All the ſtrife between them is who ſhall pleaſe and oblige moſt. Their favourite amuſement is reading: now and then, indeed, our friend ſcribbles a little; but his performances reach no farther than a ſhort ſermon, or a paper of verſes in praiſe of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is conſtantly celebrated in this manner; and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is ſomething ſo ſincere and tender in theſe little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings they are viſiting in their chariot — Don't be ſurprized: the doctor keeps his chariot I aſſure you: it was given him by an honeſt baronet in the neighbourhood, and is drawn by his plough-horſes and driven by his plough-boy. When they have no engagements abroad, they are walking arm in arm with their boy and girl about their grounds; but how chearful and how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly ſo much children as themſelves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondneſs never appears before company. I never ſaw either of them ſo much

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